

So strong was
the silence I had
unknowingly been
holding my
breath.

I exhale and
try to breath
a bit freer.

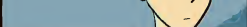


The people next to
me start laughing and
I realize the heaviness
is gone-- the darkness
has left.

The boy
has brought
a terrible
heaviness into
the room...

...an invisible
darkness.





the flavor.

I taste
hints of joy
and hope
mixed with
uncertainty
and fear.

And
cutting through
it all is a sweet
but crippling
loneliness.



Yeah, him.
What's he doing
here? Is he in
this class?

Uh.

Uh huh.

Why
haven't I seen
him before? I've
been coming here
for two weeks
now!



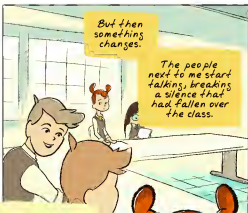


彼は大体
サボるんだと思う。
今日は珍しく
出席したみたい
です。

I think he usually
skips class. Looks
like today he
decided to make
a rare appearance.

*I haven't
seen the boy
with no flavor
since my first
day of school.*







But then,
he stops
painting.

The
heaviness
returns.

The
darkness
comes back.

The boy with no flavor calmly walks to the back of the classroom, pulls a canvas off the rack, and begins setting up an easel.



Maki!

See that
kid over
there?

誰？
あの銀髪
の人？

Who?
The silver

*He quietly smiles
to himself as he
mixes some paint,
but it is a smile
without warmth.*



*It's forced and
unnatural, like the
wooden smile of
a marionette.*



SPACE BOY

by

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LINE Webtoon
www.linewebtoon.com

before him.

With every stroke of his brush he looks more alive, more human.

Flavor!

There is the faintest hint of a flavor coming from him!

I spend the rest of class stealing glances in his direction, trying to put a name to



He wasn't
actually looking
at me just now,
was he?



He was looking



*It's just as much
of a shock now as
it was then.*







The
boy looks
different
now.



His fake
smile has been
replaced with a
look of genuine
focus on
the painting



he was looking
through me...
at some point
millions of miles
away.



I try to draw
another picture,
but nothing
comes out.



And his
flavor...

...disappears.



It...

*It
makes
me...*

